

SONGS, &c.
IN THE
POOR SAILOR;
OR,
Little Ben and Little Bob.
A
MUSICAL DRAMA,
IN TWO ACTS
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

The Music entirely New,
composed by
Mr. A T T W O O D,



1795.
(PRICE SIX-PENCE.)

Handing D208



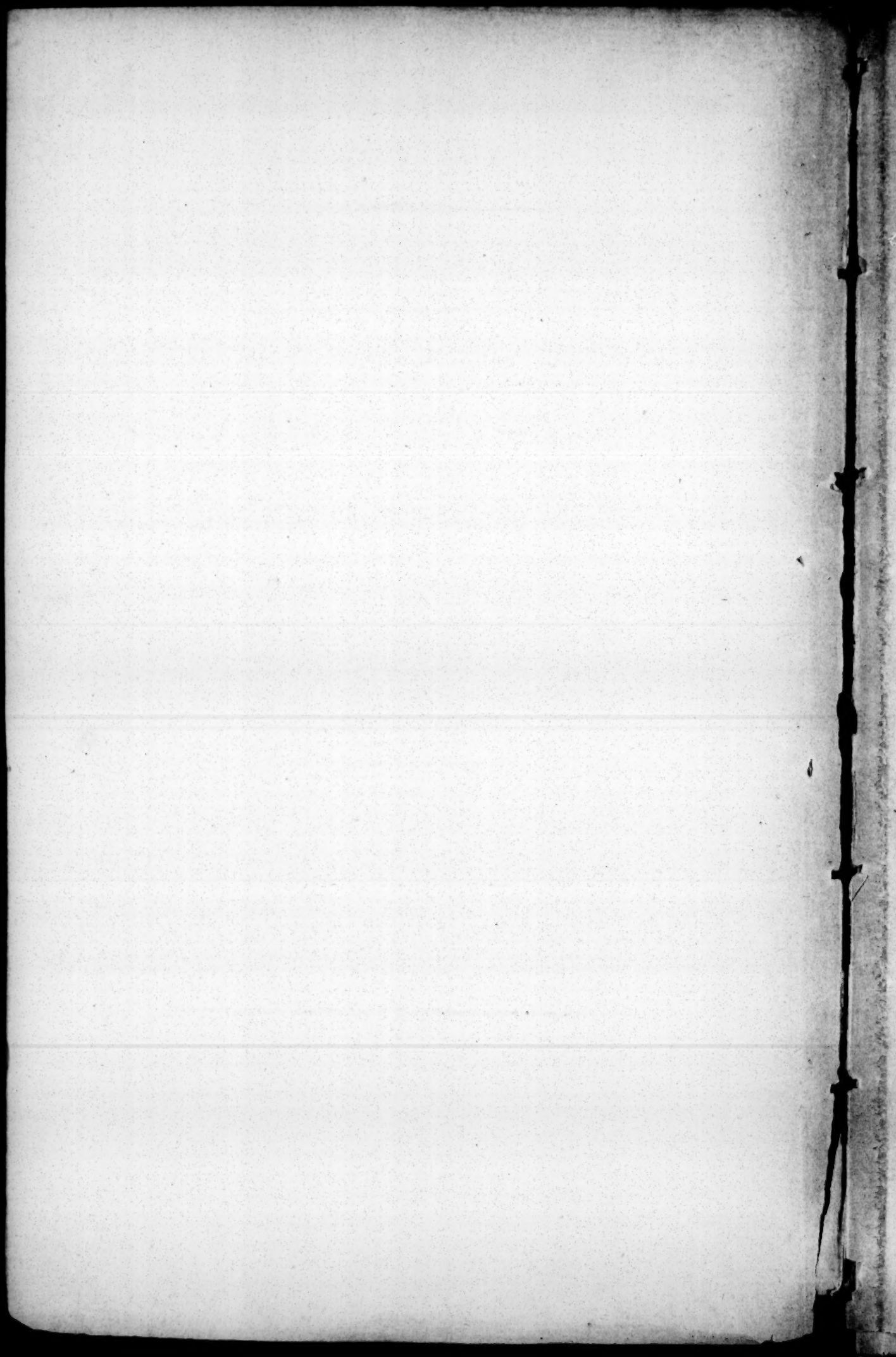
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Lieut. Battledore (the Poor Sailor)	Mr. INCLEDON,
Compas, — — —	Mr. HARLEY,
Bumbo, — —	Mr. REES,
Freakish, — —	Mr. TOWNSEND,
O Daub, — —	Mr. ROCK,
Lieutenant, — —	Mr. WILLIAMSON,
Captain Battledore, —	Mr. MUNDEN,
Little Bob, — —	Master STANDEN,

W O M E N.

Miss Ann Battledore, —	Mrs. DAVENPORT,
Nancy, — —	Miss CORNELLYS,
Eliza (alias Little Ben) —	Mrs. MARTYR.



SONGS &c.
IN THE
POOR SAILOR.

GLEE BY WATERMEN:

- 1—Over a Hoy?
- 2—Spithead my Boy?
- 3—Want a Boat?
- 4—Going a Float?
- 5—Point or Common?
- 3—Here, young Women
- 2—Sit in Clover.
- 1—Over, Over.

LIEUT. BATTLEDORE.

To fortune lost, my native shore,
Doth yet one bliss impart:
Unfulled still's the sterling ore,
Of dear Eliza's heart:

While

While winds blow hard, and torrents pour'd,
 Self dangers were forgot,
 I only fear'd the wind that roar'd,
 Round dear Eliza's cot.

On ocean wide or near the shore,
 Each morn she was my theme,
 And ere the midnight-watch was o'er,
 She cheer'd my nightly dreams:
 Thus sweetly love lulls every breeze,
 Gives rapture most benign,
 And like the sun to troubled seas,
 Imparts its rays divine.

LITTLE BEN.

Ye pretty Maids, and loving wives,
 Who lead the men folk happy lives,
 Yet teize them now and then:
 Come join a merry roundelay,
 And in your cheering chorus say,
 Success to little Ben.

Ye bucks and bloods, ye wags and wits,
 Ye beaux, ye smarts, and honest cits,
 I have you in my ken:

Come join, &c

My brother sailors all around,
 And soldiers brave with laurel crown'd,
 I know you'll feel like men,

Come

Come join in merry roundelay,
And in your cheering chorus say,
Success to little Ben.

FREAKISH.

When an infant, I'm told, I was rear'd with
much care,
By my father's old friend in this cot,
But too soon I of fortune possess'd a large share,
And his lessons so rare were forgot,
To the gay mart of London I hied me apace,
Toy'd with Phillis Sophia and Poil,
The play, park or concert, was foremost to grace,
And sung morn and night Tol de rol.
Tho' absent three years, yet still ran in my mind
My Nancy's dear form, native charms,
But, 'till fortune forsook me, I ne'er seem'd inclin'd
To win the dear maid to my arms,
My estate tho' I've lost, I'll not pine at my lot,
But in luxury's lap think I loll,
If I win the sweet nymph to this once happy cot,
I'll sing morn and night Tol de rol.

LITTLE BEN.

Mid't rocks and quicksands have we steer'd,
Rude storms and torrents brav'd, fir,

The

The battle's rage, nor death, we fear'd,
 We conquered, then we sav'd, fir.
 In distant climes old England's foe
 Did every where annoy,
 Then messmate like some pity shew,
 To a poor sailer boy.

When midnight tempests roar'd around,
 And seas roll'd o'er the deck, fir,
 When ninety two brave souls were drown'd,
 While nine escap'd the wreck, fir,
 Full fifteen days in open boat,
 Forlorn and lost to joy,
 O'er oceans bosom doom'd to float,
 Was the poor sailer boy,

| First for our king and laws we fight,
 Next for our trade and beauty,
 Those to protect is our delight,
 Our pride, our boast and duty,
 Then now relieve a hapless tar,
 Nor pity's claim destroy,
 Thus wreck'd, be you a friendly star,
 To the poor sailer boy.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Act

A C T II.

O'DAUB.

To sweet Londonderry,
 So neat and so merry,
 I'll bear of my belle this old madam Anglois,
 With Daniel gallanting,
 She'll look so enchanting,
 As sick, fore, and sorry, she rides o'er the seas.

Oh sweet well bred nation,
 Without ostentation,
 Where (full of bank notes) they'll salute
 my old queen,
 Oh there I'll cut capers,
 And buy with her papers,
 The whole bog of Allen and Ballyporene.

LITTLE BOB.

My daddy is a failor bold,
 Who fights, all danger scorning,
 And this little heart of gold,
 Will trudge from night till morning;
 Along the road,
 At each abode,
 Some food to give I'll pray,
 Then

Then cheerful sing,
Long live the king,
Huzza! my boys huzza!

And when I grow a bigger boy,
I'll laugh at frowns or snubbing,
Then little Bob with pride and joy,
Will give the French a drubbing.
Mid't noise and smoke,
Enjoy the joke,
Charge, ram, and fire away,
E'en then I'll sing
Long live the king,
Huzza! my boys, huzza!

LIEUT. BATTLEDORE.

A sail on our lee-bow appears,
She looms like a French man of war,
Then pipe up all hands my brave tars,
And cheerly for chasing prepare.
Set each sail that will draw, ease your reefs
and be mute,
Mind how you steer,

Don't

Don't let her veer,
She'll lose way if she yare,
So steadily down on your enemy bear,
And give her a British salute.

But now see her topsails aback,
She seems making ready to fight,
Up hammocks, down chests, clear the deck,
And see all your matches alight,
Now splice the main brace and to quarters away,
Stand every one
True to his gun,
'Till the battle be done,
We soon shall compel them to fight,
sink or run,
Huzza for Old England Huzza.

FINALE.

LIEUT. BATTLEDORE.

Gently touch the thrilling lyre,
Softly ply the melting lute.

ELIZA.

With love and harmony inspire,

BOTH.

Let only discord here lie mute.

CHORUS.

(12)

CHORUS.

In lofty strains the birth-day hail
 Let age and lisping infants sing } *Shouts.*

Triumphant shouts of joy prevail
 With sweet response "*Long live the King*"

OLD BATTLEDORE.

Fame sound o'er land and ocean wide
 Make distant shores still know it,
 To boast a king is England's pride,
 This day all worthies shew it.

LIEUT. BATTLEDORE.

And when our prince shall reign in love,
 Blest by each rank and station,

ELIZA.

May Caroline a Charlotte prove,
 To grace this happy nation,

CHORUS.

In lofty strains, &c.



F I N I S.

